THE PACIFIC

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THE DREAM SHIPS.

"The ships on which we never sail
O'er tranquil oceans bravely press
Toward lands of light and cities bright,
And amorous winds in gentleness
Sway each tall mast-head to and fro
As softly on the good ships go.
They sail to sunrise-realms unknown,
To isles uncharted, fair and kind,
With trees and flowers more rich than ours,
With welcoming harbors; and, behind,
Like white birds fluttering in the spray,
Our sad dreams float and fade away.
Yet if on those proud vessels we
Made sweet adventure, thunderclouds
Would rise and loom, and through the gloom
Of crashing seas and tattered shrouds
The ships to some strange bourne would steer
Of darkness, fantasy, and fear.
Why wish, then, if 'tis but to find
The hopelessness of common days,
This sombre quest to lands unblest?
For ever on their lonely ways
They glide to countries bright and frail—
Those ships on which we never sail."

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

During the summer months there are about 500 assemblies called "Chautauquas" held in the United States. Some of these Sam Jones once spoke of as a cross between a county fair and a camp-meeting.

During the next year and a half an average of three new towns will be built in Canada each week. At least 150 of these will be established by the Grand Trunk Pacific now building westward across Canada toward its Pacific Coast terminal point, Prince Rupert, about four hundred miles north of Vancouver, British Columbia.

Pacific Coast people are familiar with wonderful advances in the price of real estate. Fortunes have been made that way in some of our cities during the last few decades. Back east it takes a little more money for investments of this kind, but profits are large there also frequently. Recently in Chicago a business lot which was bought in 1903 for $450,000 was sold for $1,148,000—an advance of $698,000 in seven years. Fortunate in a monetary way are they who get hold of good business property in growing cities.

When William H. Seward bought Alaska for the United States he made one of the greatest bargains the nation has ever had. The wealth of Alsaka can hardly be estimated. It is the great mineral preserve of the United States, and its arable land facilities are coming to be known of late and appreciated. In the same latitude as Sweden, Norway and Finland, it has more arable land than all three combined and a better climate. Those countries now have a population of more than ten million. Alaska will have many millions of inhabitants some day.

It is unfortunate that so much attention has to be given in the services of the sanctuary to money raising. A writer in a current periodical tells of the pastor of his church who is what is called a hustler and always ding-donging for money for one thing and another. He writes: "We are a large family and have always had a pew in the church, contribute to everything to the limit of our resources, and if the poor man was to plead or scold until he was black in the face we could not give more. I like to think of the church as something apart and sacred from every-day toil and drudgery. The chanting of priests, good music, a speaker if he only reads the Gospel of the day with the right feeling, as if he really believed and loved the Word of God. Well, I feel as if I must have relief from money talk on Sundays. I have got up early and caught the car out of town to the monastery for half-past five o'clock high mass, and the feeling has come back of being in the house of prayer, in the presence of our Lord." The wise pastors and church boards are they who keep the money raising as much in the background as possible.

According to recent statistics the University of Paris has an attendance of 16,935. It is one of the oldest educational institutions in Europe, having been established in the year 1200. The University of Berlin, which stands next to that of Paris in numbers, was not founded until 1809, but has a total of 13,881 students all told, with 9249 in actual attendance upon the lectures at the university buildings. Next in rank as to enrollment stands the University of Vienna, which had recently an annual attendance of 9,440. This institution dates from 1365. Ashar University, Cairo, the oldest educational institution in the world, founded in 988, has an attendance of 8,510. The University of Budapest, Hungary, established in 1465, has an attendance of 6,835. At the University of Paris more nationalities are represented than at any other institution in the world, 1356 being enrolled from Russia alone during the year 1909, 293 from Roumania, 231 from Germany, 165 from Egypt, 139 from Austria, 115 from Great Britain, 107 from the United States, 104 from Turkey and almost every other civilized country being represented.

"Flourless bread" is a twentieth century innovation. The milling of the grain is eliminated, the wheat being used in the condition in which it comes from the threshing machine. "The wheat must first be prepared for breadmaking by a thorough washing, after which about a pint of tepid water to a pound of grain is added, and the whole is allowed to stand about six hours. At the end of this time the grains of wheat have swollen to double their ordinary size. It is then mixed with the necessary quantity of yeast and salt and poured into a machine in which the envelope and body of the grain are crushed and made into a homogeneous mixture which forms a smooth paste just before leaving the machine. The dough is then put into baskets where it is left until it begins to rise when it is divided into loaves and is ready for the oven. A writer in the American Miller regards it as a step backward to the crude bread-making of the ancients, remarking: "In one hundred years civilized man has struggled up from the brown and black bread of the peasant to the white bread of the rich. He is not going back to the bread of the eighteenth century." There are, however, those who believe that he will if he wants to get the most nourishment from the food that he consumes.

Abandoned country churches greet the eye of the traveler in many parts of the East and Middle West. Bishop Berry of the Methodist Episcopal Church says that the prosperity of the farmer is a menace to religion: "We hear a great deal in these days about the problem of the city, but conditions are as bad, if not worse, in many rural communities, The American farmer is becoming a materialist. His business is vastly more prosperous than formerly. The average farmer once eked out a bare existence. Now he is making money. He is absorbed in his herds and crops and toils early and late. When Sunday comes he is exhausted, and spends that portion of the day which is not

given over to work in rest and recreation that he may be ready for the strenuous life before him. Do you doubt that the farmer is getting on? Note the new residences, new barns, expensive machinery that may be seen anywhere in a few miles' drive. Note also the decadence of the country school and the number of country church edifices whose doors are bolted and whose altars are cold. The Protestant church must get this problem upon its heart. It is a menace to our civilization. There are great stretches of country in this republic that are practically as godless as similar stretches in China or Africa."

THE PATH TO PEACE.

Dr. Washington Gladden Speaks on Industrials Troubles.

The street car strike at Columbus, Ohio, suggested Dr. Gladden's text and sermon on Sunday, August 14th. He took as a text the words from Isaiah 32:17: "The work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever." Dr. Gladden's sermon was in the main as follows:

"There seemed to be but one theme for the preacher today and that is the unhappy and ominous conflict now disturbing the peace of our city. And it would seem that there is no other place into which this trouble can be more fitly carried than into the Lord's house. If the Christian pulpit has not some word to speak in a time like this, one would like to know what the Christian pulpit's business is. Only it must be a sane word, a kind word, a reconciling word. Such a word I will speak if I can. And I must devoutly invoke the spirit of wisdom and gentleness to keep me from saying anything which shall wound or irritate any one—to help me to speak only those words which shall lead those who hear them into the ways of peace.

"Some of you are saying that this is no word for this hour; that the only message for today is a stern and inexorable declaration of our purpose to put down lawlessness; that until rioting and violence are quelled there is no room for any gentler sentiment. I agree that violence must be put down; that is our first business. All such disturbances of the peace of the community are without justification or excuse.

Public Order Must Be Preserved.

"No man and no class of men must be permitted to make our streets and our systems of public transportation unsafe; the right to pass without peril and without molestation through the public highways is not to be violated by individuals in the settlement of their personal disputes. If men or associations of men have business differences, they must settle these differences by legal and peaceful methods; they must not go to war on our streets. Violence and disorder must be put down with a strong hand, and all those who attempt to stir up such conditions, or to avail themselves of them for their own purposes, put themselves beyond the pale of civilization.

"But when the mobs are quelled and the rioters have all been condignly punished, the evil conditions which now afflict this city will not all be removed. The trouble is one that cannot be cured by force, no matter how strenuously the force may be applied. You cannot cure an inflammation by a blow, no matter however vigorous or well directed. The more effective the blow the worse the inflammation.

Riots Are Sympathetic.

"These riotous disturbances are sympathetic. They indicate an underlying irritation and discontent which threaten the peace and security of the social order. One of our leading manufacturers told me of taking a long ride, on two occasions, through one of our working class districts. 'You know the class of houses,' he said, 'along that car line, largely occupied by the better class of working people. On the porches of these houses, watching the cars as they passed, were the wives and mothers and daughters of these workingmen, nearly all shouting "scab" to the occupants of the cars.' These were not hoodlums, and very few of them, probably, had any direct connection with the car men's union; they belonged to the great working class, which is the foundation of our American civilization. Is it not a serious condition that we are confronting, when such a state of mind prevails so widely among people of this class?

"I have heard it said, more than once within the last few days, that these disorders are simply the exhibition of the evil temper of the propertyless classes, the manifestation of the enmity which the House of Want cherishes toward the House of Have. The whole lower tier of society, I have heard men say, is full of envy for the prosperous classes; occasions like this only permit them to give vent to their spite. I do not quote these remarks to indorse them; I think they exaggerate the conditions, but we cannot deny that they point to a condition of things which is not reassuring.

"The worst feature of this whole business is the inflammation of the unsocial passions. Every day we are gathering in a large harvest of enmities and antipathies and hard judgments. To see the fierce look in the eyes of men who are wont to be pleasant and kindly, and to hear the harsh tones of their voices, makes the heart sink. All this bodes ill to our social peace. People who have got to live and work together cannot afford to think and talk of one another in the way that so many of us have been doing for the last two weeks.

How Can Peace Be Achieved?

"What are we to say about it? How are we to deal with it? We must sternly repress the violence, of course; but will that eliminate the enmities from which the violence springs? Does anybody suppose that the most drastic use of physical force in the repression of disorder will clear away all the suspicions and animosities in the discontented population and make all sweet and wholesome and happy? No, I think that we shall have to find a less superficial, a more radical remedy for the state of things which we deplore. The trouble is in the minds and hearts of men and women, and we shall have to overcome it with other than carnal weapons.

"We have been putting down the disorder with a stern exercise of physical force, and I trust that it is pretty effectually repressed. But when we are confident that the rioting is all over, I hope that we shall not settle down upon the comfortable conclusion that our work is all done. We shall then have just come to the threshold of our undertaking, the problem of removing the irritating causes from which this trouble springs. The prescription of the old prophet may then stand us in good stead, for if we probe this matter to the bottom we shall find that the loss of our

peace and prosperity is due to nothing else than the lack of righteousness. These class hatreds, these disaffections and bitternesses of what we call the lower orders are not wholly disagreeable to the peculiar depravity of these classes. People are not apt to hate their fellows from the simple love of hating.

What Is the Real Cause?

"If there is ill will between large classes of men there is likely to be a reason for it. And the reason always is the failure of righteousness, somewhere, somehow. The reason always is that men have used their resources selfishly; that there have been encroachments by the strong upon the weak; that oppressions have crept in; that wrongs have been done. Those who suffer these wrongs may not always know what ails them, but they have a dumb intuition of wrong, and it helps to form their state of mind. I am afraid that we, in our eager pursuit of our personal interests, have permitted many such subtle and impersonal injustices to steal in and intrench themselves in our civil and industrial life.

"I am not going to make any specific statements about this. I only want you to consider well in how many ways the burdens of the toiling classes have been increased by vast financial schemes, in which a few have greatly enriched themselves, and by corrupt combinations of big business with bad politics. All this has been going on for a good while, and the sense of it has gradually filtered down into the minds of the people upon whom these burdens are finally shifted, for they are the residuary legatees of all social injustices; and it is this which has produced that state of mind with which we are dealing in the settlement of this strike.

"I agree that the stone throwing and rioting and secondary boycotting in which this state of mind finds expression are utterly and brutally wrong, and must be summarily repressed; but I ask you to look a little deeper and see what it all means. The lawlessness that throws stones and puts the obstruction on the railway tracks is not the only nor the worst lawlessness by which our industrial society is infested, and the righteousness which exhausts itself in dealing with these surface conditions is not the kind of righteousness which will bring permanent peace.

Love Must Prevail.

"There is a larger meaning which we must learn to give to this word righteousness. Jesus told His disciples that their righteousness must exceed the righteouness of the scribes and Pharisees. He seems to mean that our righteousness must be something more than a legal righteousness, that it must be suffused with moral feeling; that it must be vital with kindness and good will. Indeed, the law, which is the definition of righteousness, in Christ's interpretation of it, is only love. The Christian way of thinking is that I owe my neighbor something more than the mere fulfillment of legal obligations; that he doesn't get his rights at my hand if I deny him friendship; that the great debt of man to man can never be paid in money. The righteousness whose work is peace will have to be that kind of righteousness, a righteousness which is instinct with the impusle of good will, with the spirit of friendship. And surely there can be no doubt that in spite of all we see of genuine brotherhood, there is still a great lack of this kind of righteousness in this pleasure-loving Mammon worshiping congregation.

"The accumulation of wealth among the prosperous classes has been going on at a prodigious rate; nothing resembling it has ever been witnessed since the human race appeared upon the planet, and increasing wealth always brings with it pride, exclusiveness, heartlessness, ostentation, contempt for the poor. That is the inevitable fact; no civilization has ever evaded it, and none ever will.

"The hardening and dehumanizing effect of these plethoric conditions is what we have to deal with today; the ominous fact is the presence in our society of a class—not yet a large class—whose god is pleasure and material gain, and who have no use for their neighbor save as they can make him minister to their gains or serve their lusts. For the use of this class a philosophy like that of Nietzsche opportunely arises to give voice to its demands. 'To the occupying classes,' says Benjamin Kidd, 'Nietzsche delivers, as it were, the gospel for them of the new interpretation of history. "A new table, oh, my brethren, I put over you. Become hard." No more weak parleying about the rights of man, those empty formulas of a religion of which we have given up the substance. We are in possession, we are the superiors, we are the strongest. "The best things belong to me and mine, and if men give us nothing, then we take them; the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the fairest women." Not many blurt it out, after this fashion, but there are not a few who say it under their breath, and go on to make it good.'

We Are Too Extravagant.

"Out of a purpose too much like this springs the heathen luxury which flaunts its splendors always before our faces. No such orgy of extravagant expenditure has ever greeted the eyes of men as that on which the world has been looking in democratic America during the last quarter of a century. To those whose lot is narrow, whose toil is severe and who often find it hard to keep body and soul together, and to find food for their children, such exhibitions are not soothing. They have no right to be envious, but human nature being what it is, we cannot blame them overmuch for some symptoms of discontent.

"It would seem as if the church of Jesus Christ might have some message for a time like this that men would hear. It must not palliate nor tolerate the lawlessness of the mob; but can it not lift its voice to reprove the lurking and veiled injustices which engender the evil passions that produce the mob? Can it not discern and reprove with authority the pride and vanity, the ostentation and extravagance that tend to rupture the social bond, that separate the rich from the poor and inflame the resentments of the House of Want against the House of Have?

"Are there not a good many of us, O my brother, who need to lay this thing to heart? Are there not some here who were once themselves in humble circumstances and who, by their own prowess and perseverance, have become prosperous, who are not always quite so charitable as they ought to be toward those less fortunate; who do not make all the allowances for them that they ought to make? Have we not all need to cultivate kindlier judgments toward all our neighbors, and, even when they are behaving badly, try to discover whether there may not be some provocation for their misconduct which we can help to remove?

Help Will Come?

"The desolation which the seer in the prophecy is foretelling will continue, he says, 'until the Spirit be poured

upon us from on high.' If we might have such an outpouring; We need it, 'more than the flower the dew or grass the rain.' If upon all the people of this city the blessed influence could fall! If there could come to the contending parties and to all the angry partisans on either side some sense of the presence of this great Friend, who is never far away from the worst of us, and is always waiting to give up His light and His peace! And why not? Is it too great a thing to hope for? Are there not some, at least, among these combatants on either side who will give room in their hearts to this gracious influence? How quickly, under such leadership, all this strife would be hushed? How easy it would be to settle all the trouble if all these men on both sides would only say, 'Come, let us be friends.' Is that, brother men, a hard thing to say?"

ONE LOS ANGELES SUNDAY.

W. N. Burr.

Both pros and cons cling to a "People's" church, holding its services in a great theatre building. Perhaps the Temple Baptist church of Los Angeles, Robert J. Burdette, D.D., pastor emeritus, is not, strictly speaking, a "People's church"; but it has about all the characteristics of such an institution, with some of the restrictions of denominationalism thrown in. Last Sunday we found "the people" there, and all sorts of novelties thrown into the service to draw them there. We also read on the calendar: "At the close of the morning service all baptized disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ will asemble at the table of communion upon His own loving invitation. 'This do in remembrance of Me.'" "The people" went out in crowds when the service closed, and we had to go with them.

We went down to the "Temple Auditorium" an hour before church time, and arrived in time to see the chains unhooked that were stretched in the lobby just outside the doors to the great auditorium. As we were among the first comers we had our choice of seats. We sat through the hour watching an almost constant stream of people pouring in from the street. When the service began the floor was crowded, and there were many people in the galleries. Folks can get to church on time when they know they must to secure a good seat.

The organ prelude, West's "Grand Chorus" and Guilmant's "Elevation," stopped some of the audible and whispered conversations that were being carried on by many in the audience. There were probably a great many more devout worshippers present than could be so designated by an onlooker. In the nature of the case it was the people who were "enjoying a good visit" who were in evidence. But there seemed to be a spirit in the air that recognized very little, if any, difference between this and any week-day assemblage. But the organ stopped some of the talking. Why is it that many church attendants everywhere fail to regard the organ music as part of the service?

After the two organ numbers the chimes were heard. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was followed by "Abide with Me." The effect was not soothing. The bells were not well tuned.

While the chimes were being played the members of the large chorus choir led in to their seats back of the speaker's platform, the ladies in white vestments; and the preacher of the day and the assistant pastor came to the platform. In the absence of the pastor, James Whitcomb Brougher, D.D., the pulpit supply was Dr. W. H. Geistweit, pastor of the First Baptist church, Peoria, Illinois. Dr. Geistweit led the entire service with the exception of the announcements.

The service of worship before the sermon followed about the usual order, save that more "special music" was introduced than most of us are privileged to enjoy. The choir sang Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord" in apparently the spirit of real worshippers. Both culture and clearness made this old anthem to ring through the soul with a new delight, as this choir rendered it. It is not always that church choirs drop so fully into line with Nehemiah 8:8. A quartet sang Brown's "In Heavenly Love Abiding." Usually there is a sense of cheapness—a Home-Sweet-Home-with-variations effect—when an attempt is made to introduce a familiar melody for accompaniment effect; but as the organ picked up the old hymn tune, "Abide with Me," while the quartet sang a subdued accompaniment, it seemed not at all unfitting. "Crossing the Bar," a baritone solo, was also well sung, the clear enunciation making Tennyson's verses speak straight to the heart.

The subject of Dr. Geistweit's sermon was, "Burdens—Who Should Bear Them?"

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. It had been raining all day. At the street corner a poor Italian violinist had been trying to gather from the passers-by the pittance needed to buy bread for his little family; but on a rainy day not many would stop long enough to listen to a common street player. Late in the afternoon a stranger approached who seemed drawn by the very sight of a violin. He took the instrument from the hands of the poor Italian, and began drawing from it strains of marvelous music. A crowd quickly gathered. "Pass your hat, my brother," he cried to the needy man. There came a shower of silver from the delighted people. The violinist played again. "Pass your hat again," he said, and the second time there was a rain of silver offerings. One of the great masters of music had stopped to help a brother in need. Who was the happier man that day—the helper or the man who was helped? The giver gets more of the real joy of life than the receiver. Absorbing is not living. And the gospel of Jesus Christ has come to give this new interpretation of life: it is better to serve than to be served.

"The Old Testament expresses one type of life. The New Testament expreses a new type of life,, not to blot out the old but to quicken the heart of it. 'I am not come to destroy but to fulfill,' cried Jesus.

"John the Baptist misunderstood the new kingdom when he sent to Jesus the question, 'Art thou be that should come, or do we look for another?' John had the Old Testament idea of the Kingdom. John had in mind the kingdom of judgment. Jesus' kingdom is a kingdom of mercy. The least who has a real sense of the new kingdom is greater than John.

"If I were a great artist I should like to paint my conception of our America. I would not paint a picture of Uncle Sam in top hat and striped trousers, though I am as loyal a lover of Uncle Sam as any man that walks the earth. But I should like to paint America, not as Uncle Sam but as a great mother, full of mother-tenderness and wisdom toward all the rest of the world. America is not

a selfish, grab-nation. She is not out for conquest, after the fashion of the nations of old. The nation that handed back to China fourteen million of dollars that she might have put into her own coffers, has caught the vision of the burden-bearer, and has developed the mother-grace of ministry.

"And this is the business of the Church. I don't know what has brought all you people here this morning, I don't know what conception of the Church you may be carrying about with you; but I want to tell you that the Church is not here in the world just to run an express-train to heaven. And the Church is not a beggar; it is not in any community to suck the life out of that community, but to put life into it. Whenever the Church becomes a burden and not a burden-bearer, it must go; and if you are reading your papers every morning just now as eagerly as I read mine, you will know what I mean when I tack to that last sentence the one word, Spain!

"The business of the Church is helpfulness, and the true-hearted church-member is the one who will minister and not clamor selfishly and thoughtlessly to be ministered unto. In a certain church there was once a man whose name was Ed—well, no matter about the rest of it; it might have been Smith and it might have been Jones, but it wasn't. In the course of events a new pastor came to that church, and on the very first Sunday Ed So-and-so went to him and said:

" 'Now, pastor, I want to tell you right in the beginning that you are not to worry about me. I'll be here, rain or shine; I don't have to be patted or petted to keep me faithful. It will not make a particle of difference if you don't shake hands with me once in six months. You just look after those who really need to be chirked up a bit and I'll stand around and help you once in a while if I can.'

"I was that pastor, and that is the one remarkable instance of that kind that I have ever had in all my experience as a pastor.

"I am not a Socialist in the common acceptation of the term, but Socialism is a real cry. In the gospel sense there are no proprietors, all are stewards. My own hand hath gotten me this wealth and I have a right to it? Ah, no! We need not more reformatories, but formatories. You will never pay your debt to society until you interpret life in the gospel sense. Do you believe your creed enough to live it?

"Across a certain great stretch of water large cranes may sometimes be seen flying, and many little birds light on the backs of these great, strong cranes and are carried safely away over to the other side, whither they would not have had strength to fly alone. Like the cranes, fly low, brothers, fly low, that you have the joy of bearing the burdens of those weaker than yourselves, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

I have said that both pros and cons cling to a "People"s" church, holding its services in a great theatre building. It is not to my taste. It would be easier for me to go every Sunday to St. Paul's Pro-cathedral than to the Temple Auditorium, because my soul longs for an atmosphere of reverence and devotion and quietness, and even the suggestiveness of ecclesiastical architecture. But I am glad that people of another temper than my own have a place where they can go and visit and at the same time bear such music and such sermons as we heard at the Temple Auditorium last Sunday.

We went again in the evening. There were more people there than in the morning, and the visiting class was even more in evidence. The floor and at least four galleries were crowded. Some of the music was delightful. Some of it was torture. A "Polonaise" by Chopin will do very well as a piano number at a concert or drawing-room recital, but the attempt to finger it out of a stately church organ was ludicrous.

But Dr. Geistweit's evening sermon made up for all the ill-fitting music. His subject was "Mustard-Seed or Cobble-stone?"

" 'If ye had faith as a grain of mustard-seed'—why did the Master say mustard-seed? Why did he not say cobble-stone? A cobble-stone has some size and weight; hurl it at anything and it will make some impression. Ah, but it it a dead thing, and the little mustard seed has life in it, and it is faith with life in it that is the faith that overcomes. Tell me what your faith makes you **do** and I will tell you if you have a faith that is worth having."

Los Angeles, Aug. 10, 1910.

AN ALLEGED WASTE OF MONEY IN MISSIONARY WORK.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

We frequently see in secular newspapers an ugly fling at foreign missionary enterprises, as though all money spent in converting the heathen was an utter waste. Some editors indeed have shed crocodile tears over the degeneracy of those who, as these editors assert, forget the starving poor at home for a mere fanciful, commercial good which they hope to gain among the heathen abroad. To leave out entirely the spiritual aspect of the question, there are numerous common, every-day arguments to prove why the work among pagan races should not cease, and some of these will appeal, as the writer owns, to the selfish side of human nature rather than to the better and noble side, but some men are incapable of seeing anything but a selfish side and it is sometimes well to show to an unbelieving world that there are other arguments in addition to the spiritual ones for any and every benevolent enterprise.

It is demonstrably true that by the work of missionaries, numerous markets have been opened up to the commercial world, which have been the means of returning to the United States and to Europe, many times the money ever spent in missions. Savages do not want anything we to sell. The missionary goes and preaches and the savage changes, slowly at first, but changes. He becomes clothed and in his right mind. He soon feels the need of the luxuries of America and Europe, and he is willing to gather and give the products of his own country for these luxuries. Here commerce commences. By industry, the former savage now no longer such increases the product of his country from year to year. Need I undertake to prove that a Livingston, for instance, in Central Africa, has added by his missionary labors millions of dollars of wealth not only to Africa but to Europe and America? Regions as large as the whole of Europe, which fifty years ago were unknown, now import almost a fabulous amount of goods from the rest of the world. Would it have been a saving

when the work of evangelizing commenced to have kept the pittance then spent in missions at home?

Again, the missionary is himself a scientist or a believer in science. The pages of "The Acts of the Modern Apostles" show that the book of science has been greatly enlarged and improved by the personal work of scientific men who were at the same time missionaries, while these were working earnestly for their Master in heathen lands. Livingstone was a missionary, first and last, but what a vast wealth of knowledge he created by his personal examinations of the physical geography, the geology, the fauna and flora of the regions in which he preached the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ! And Livingstone is no exception for it is very rare indeed for a missionary to fail in making some discovery or discoveries to add to the knowledge of the world. Nor must the reader labor under the false notion that the scientific researches of missionaries have been consumed (or if the reader wishes it so, wasted!) in merely discovering the existence of plants of no earthly value except to the botanists or of insects whose sole use seems to be to adorn the museums of naturalists. It is a matter of absolute history that mineral wealth has often rewarded the researches of the bold and hardy pioneer of the Cross, when at work in savage lands. Has the reader who decries missionary enterprises ever perused the works of Mungo Park, Livingstone, Stanley and a host of others in search for information on these points? We fear not. The ignorance in these matters is appalling.

Lastly, it little behooves us, if of English descent, enjoying a civilization which sprung from the labors of St. Augustine and his coadjutors, in the little island over the sea, where our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, in their barbarism regarded war as their trade, where, in the intervals of fighting, the brutal soldiery amused themselves in tossing up the living babies of their enemies, on spear points, or in torturing in the most fiendish manner, prisoners of war —it behooves us, I say, to find little fault with the manner, the missionary manner in which our civilization has arisen, a civilization moreover that has placed America and England in the very forefront of the nations of the globe. Whether such a civilization might have sprung from merely the teachings of science or of philosophy preached by the votaries of these alone, let the reader judge, but the fact remains that it did not thus spring, but from the fiery zeal of the missionaries of the gospel, bringing with them the cross in one hand and the secular science, knowledge and refinement of another world with them.

As it has been so it will be. The real missionary work of the world, not only in the direction of personal christianity, but in the direction of knowledge, of refinement, of commercial activity, has been and will be done by those who receive the Bible as God's word to man. The noblest heroisms that have adorned the pages of history have had their inspiration from that book. Out of it have come all pure moralities and it has been the motive power to the regeneration and the reformation of millions. The very secular civilizing of the world depends on it. The very increase of the wealth of the world has come and will come from the spread of its principles, aye, and the very increase of the secular knowledge of the world has been owing and will be owing to the stimulus of its teaching. Is the world of mere commercial men ready to stop all flow of money into the missionary funds of the churches? If they will study the facts, as they ought to do, I feel sure there would be less carping and growling over the waste of money spent in evangelizing the world, and there would be more money forthcoming to hasten on the glorious work.

TODAY IN PALESTINE.

Professor David G. Lyon of Harvard University.

The best commentary on the Bible is Palestine. This every traveller in the Holy Land feels. The reason is that the Bible is rich in local coloring, and that, in spite of all changes, this local color still clings to the land, as may be illustrated by the physical features, natural life, social conditions and archaeological remains.

Central Palestine is a plateau, hundreds of feet above sea level, broken by valleys and cut by gorges. The victim of robbers in the parable of the Good Samaritan goes "down" to Jericho, and the nobleman from Capernaum says to the great teacher, "Come down ere my child die." In both cases the word down is a picture of the steep and weary road. From this plateau rise mountains crowned by villages. "A city set upon a hill cannot be hid." The topography often casts a light, almost startling, on some biblical record. To him who stands at the modern village of Zer'in (Jezreel) and looks east, the range of Gilboa is on his right, the mount of Little Hermon is on his left, with Shunem at its southern and Endor at its northern base, while far down the valley toward the Jordan is the town of Bethshan. This is the scene in which Saul and his sons lost their lives when the army of Israel was annihilated by the Philistines. Standing in these surroundings, one feels the story of the battle to a degree which no amount of description could make possible.

"Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty fallen!"

The Seasons

The seasons of Palestine, a wet and a dry, have left deep traces on the biblical record. The dry season, from May to October, is rainless, but not cloudless. Dense clouds roll in from the sea in such volume that rain seems inevitable, but long before noon not a trace remains in the sky, symbol of false promise and inconstancy. "Your goodness is as a morning cloud." During the winter what hurricanes of wind go with the downpour of rain! "The rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew." At all seasons the temperature of the day contrasts strongly with that of the night. "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night." The heavy dewfall of summer goes far toward supplying the lack of rain. "God give thee of the dew of heaven" is Isaac's blessing on Jacob. Certain summer crops never see a drop of rain from planting till harvest. One who has travelled in Palestine understands the stories of quarrels about wells of water. What "living water" means you feel when you have been in the land where such water is rare, and the words of the Samaritan woman acquire a new meaning, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw." The poet could use no finer figure than when he called his bride "a well of living water and flowing streams of Lebanon."

The Natural Life.

The natural life of Palestine is also a fruitful source of biblical illustration. Enough of the cedar forests of Lebanon remains to give impressiveness to the descriptions of the psalmist. The palm is as comely as when it suggested to the poet the grace and beauty of his beloved. The olive is as much a delight as when Hosea wrote, "His beauty shall be as the olive tree." The fig with its deep shade is still the symbol of peace and security. "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his figtree, and none shall make them afraid." The lily of the field, rivalling the glory of Solomon, still blossoms all over Palestine. The grass is still scorched by the heat of summer. "The grass withereth, . . . but the word of our God shall stand forever."

Of domesticated creatures the ox remains the animal of agriculture, the donkey is the beast of burden, sheep and goats dot the hillsides, and ownerless dogs are the public scavengers, as when they licked up the blood of Ahab, and devoured the body of Jezebel. Of wild life the jackal and the gazelle are particularly abundant. The sharp, persistent yelp of the former is one of the most characteristic nocturnal sounds in Palestine. "I will make a wailing like the jackals," writes Micah. "As light of foot as a wild gazelle," was Asahel. The dove, symbol of innocence and beauty, abounds, also a great variety of carnivorous birds. Job calls the flight of his days as swift as "an eagle that swoops on the prey." The scorpion is still an object of dread. What father would give his son such an object in place of an egg?

Human Relations.

But the Bible is concerned primarily with human interests. Here, too, conditions in Palestine are instructive. The government, its methods and machinery, is not essentially different from what it was two thousand years ago. The hard rule of a foreign master is upon the land.

The occupations of Palestine, which have left a deep impress on the biblical record, are what they were of old. There is much of shepherd life, the relation of shepherd to sheep being one of intimacy and often of tenderness. The little ewe lamb of Nathan's parable, which was unto him as a daughter, is a picture drawn from life. And so are all the scenes in the 23d Psalm. Still the shepherd may be seen bearing the exhausted lamb on his shoulders or in his arms. Most of the shepherds today are Arabs or a mixed population, but the other conditions remain as of old. That lad on the mountain piping to the flock feeding around him might well be a David. That girl coming with the sheep to the well is surely Rachel. The skin bottle is still in general use not only for wine, but for water, oil and milk. The country is still dotted with tents of black hair cloth, as comely as those of Kedar, celebrated in the Song of Solomon.

How little change the centuries have made in the cultivation of the soil! There is still the crude plough of one handle. Unfit for the kingdom he who looks back while trying to run a furrow with such a tool! The ox goad, a rod with a spike in one end, is still the cruel incentive. Of course, it was hard for Paul to kick against such a prick. The parable of the sower is acted out annually in every field in Palestine. The harvesting, gleaning and threshing customs are the same today as described in the Book of Ruth. The protection of growing crops demands as much attention as in ancient Israel. "Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the figtree, I saw thee." Was Nathaniel guarding his fruit, as every owner of a figtree must do today? "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over." is an exact description of the methods of measuring now in use.

Trade Habits.

No sale in Palestine without bargaining. "It is nought, it is nought, with the buyer, but when he is gone his way then he boasteth." And when the seller has finally accepted one-third of his first price, it is with the assurance that he has lost heavily, and that he would have made such a sacrifice for none but you. When Ephron offers Abraham the cave of Machpelah gratis, is this anything more than an Orientalism? The money changers, extortionate and deceiving, are a necessary evil in Jerusalem. Was it not the character of their ancient brothers rather than the sacredness of the place which led to the expulsion from the Temple?

In ways too numerous to mention the life of today illuminates the Bible. Family life, the house and its arrangements, the preparation, cooking and eating of food, methods of heating, the grinding of grain, the making of cloth, the training of children, diseases, rites and customs connected with death and burial—such things recall many biblical passages to every traveller in Palestine.

Archaeological Conditions.

Considered archaeologically, Palestine is no less interesting than its physical features and its modern life. There are multitudes of identified biblical sites, many of them preserving the ancient names. Such are Jericho, Bethshan, Taanach, Tiberias and the Philistine cities. Many other biblical sites are unidentified, and the country abounds in artificial tells or mounds, burying the remains of ancient habitations. Some of these tells have been partially explored during the past twenty years. Such are Lachish, Gezer, Taanach, Megiddo, Jericho, Tell Hum and Samieh. These excavations have greatly enlarged our knowledge of the Canaanite period of the land before the Hebrew conquest. The "high places," methods of burial, degree of culture, as seen in pottery and utensils from the tombs, have given us a new idea of conditions in the patriarchal times. In the objects found we can see the influence of Egypt, Babylon and the isles of the Mediterranean on the early life in Palestine.

Some of the excavations give most impressive evidence of the Grecianizing and Romanizing of the country. This is notably the case at Samaria, where the expedition in 1908-1909 has uncovered the remains of a great Roman temple and other works erected by Herod in the first century B. C. With all the exploration which has been done in Palestine, the most surprising fact is the small amount of Hebrew work which has come to light. One was almost tempted to conclude that there are no Hebrew remains of importance, unless they lie beneath the surface of Jerusalem. But this would have been a hasty conclusion. Beneath the Greek and Roman ruins at Samaria the Harvard expedition in 1909 brought to light the remains of a large and massive building, comparable in size and plan to an Assyrian palace, which seems to be certainly of Hebrew origin and is probably the palace of Omri and Ahab. Such parts of the finished wall as remain standing are of most excellent workmanship, and give for the first time ocular

demonstration of the capacity of Hebrew architects and masons.

Plundering Tombs.

Throughout Palestine a vast amount of illegitimate digging is going on all the time, especially grave robbing in search of antiques for sale to tourists and museums, and thus much valuable archaeological evidence is being destroyed. Perhaps the richest Canaanite cemetery in all Palestine was thus plundered by the peasants in the winter of 1906-1907. The American School of Oriental Study and Research in Jerusalem came upon this cemetery by chance while the plundering was going on, and its members made such study as was possible of the tombs, pottery, bronze implements, alabaster and other objects, but the examination of these antiques in position before they weer disturbed would have added much to our knowledge of the people who used them. There is a strict law against such unauthorizezd digging, but the land is not sufficiently policed to enforce the law, while the profit to the diggers is considerable. Foreign schools in Palestine ought to be able to do much to abate this evil.

A JOTTING—THE VIRGIN BIRTH.

A very earnest, wise and trustworthy Christian said to me a few weeks ago that one of the students then in our Theological Seminary remarked to her that he himself and one other were alone among those students in believing in the miraculous birth of Christ, as affirmed by Matthew and Luke. Aware as I am of the prevalent questionings on tht subject, I was less surprised and shocked than I should have been a few years ago. I write as an inquirer of those men so well schooled in criticism, and who are interested in our Seminary, what the grounds are upon which this skepticism stands. I myself have heard of but one which could be conceived of as substantial in a believer's mind. It is, that that birth as described, was **miraculous.** It is added that it is recorded by but two of the evangelists, and is not referred to in any of the epistles. But this is true of a majority of the wonders in the life and the works of Jesus. If we are to reject everything that is not recorded by four evangelists and not referred to distinctly in the epistles, we shall reject the greater part of all we have in the gospels. I need not undertake to prove this, because every reader of the New Testament will recognize it as true.

Horace Bushnell long ago wrote that the time would come when instead of the claim of Christ to be Divine, and to be a Savior, resting in any degree upon the miracles, the miracles themselves would have to rest upon the person and character of Jesus as their support. I do not quote his words, but I state his idea. This prophesy seems to have been fulfilled in our day. But miracles can be torn out of the story of Jesus Christ only as that story is reduced to powerless, meaningless shreds. For it is supernatural throughout. Jesus himself appeals to his miracles as facts that could not be denied, and this, notwithstanding he would gladly see men, believing in Him on other grounds. It seems to me that if any confidence whatever is to be put to the truth of the gospel story, we must accept the miracles, or we must charge Jesus himself with deception.

What is a miracle? I venture a definition offhand. An event outside the course of natural law, brought to pass by the special intervention of God, and designed to accredit a messenger from God. Why should we think it a strange thing that God should raise the dead! There is nothing strange in it. If we have a personal God who thinks and feels and acts, acting through natural laws, and upon natural laws, as we ourselves do, bringing to pass that which is supernatural; then miracles are as reasonable as a present God is reasonable. Divest Christianity of the supernatural, divest it of the personal co-operation of the Almighty, and it is a mystery beyond any comprehension.

Now, respecting this specific miracle, the virgin birth of Jesus: I admit only two evangelists record it; but what two? Matthew, whose claim to have written the first gospel is as indisputable as the claim of Cicero to be the author of his orations, to say the least of it; Matthew, who was the companion of Jesus during his ministry and who heard from Jesus' own lips; much more of course than could be crowded into any one or all of the four brief accounts of him; and he **knew** that that story was true, or else he was by somebody deceived. Did he willfully falsify? Or did someone in the interest of the story willfully falsify to him? If so, who was it?

Luke declares distinctly that his gospel was composed after interviews with those that were eye witnesses. He is more full than Matthew in his account of the virgin mother. He gives her portrait in such a way as to make her exalted above all other women, an ideal of womanhood in the hearts of millions of millions. Did he falsify when he said that he told this story like all the others, as he received it from an eye witness? If he tells the truth who could that eye witness have been? No one, but Mary herself. Could there be anything more probable than that during those two years while Paul was held a prisoner in Cesarea, and Luke was his companion, that he had the opportunity of going about in Palestine and thus of meeting Mary; that he sought her and conversed with her; heard from her own lips the song of her heart, which uttered nearly a half-century before, she could never have forgotten; heard from her own lips the announcement of the angel to her; knew from her own statement about that visit of the shepherds, and of the presentation in the temple, and of the prophesies of Anna and Simeon. No one else could have told him. **She told him.** Or else Luke—shall I put it boldly, bluntly—Luke lied. Persons are treading on holy ground when they dally with skepticism of that sort, and for the sake of extracting from the stories of the gospels the miracles, make the very authors of those gospels untruthful. What have we left?

My words will, perhaps, seem to be those of a dogmatist, rather than those of an inquirer; and yet this article was commenced in the spirit of an inquirer. No one loves our Seminary or honors its instructors more than I do. Yet it is asumed correctly, or incorrectly, that our young men receive their views from them. There must be some possible presentation of this matter, different from the one that I have made, or no such doubts and questionings could possibly be so stirred, as to result in disbelief and denial. I ask for some light upon it. What was said to me has been said undoubtedly to many. It is time the churches know what is taught, and why it is taught, and what the logical and practical results would be of such teaching.

W. C. P.

THE VALUE OF LAUGHTER.

W. L. Gillies.

He who excites hearty, innocent laughter is a benefactor of society; for laughter is an expression of the happier phases of our varied emotional life. Laughter is susceptible to both psychological and physiological consideration, for while the mind is the medium, the processes involve the physical self.

Primarily the ludicrous is the cause of laughter, but the characteristics of that element of life called ludicrous cannot be very clearly defined. The physical phenomena are the convulsions of the diaphragm, the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx, and the activity of certain facial muscles whose development gives that rotundity of countenance characteristic of the man of humor.

All natural bodies tend to a state of equilibrium and one of the salutary reactions of a serious, strained, strenuous life, a restoration, indeed, to normal conditions of mind and spirit, is natural, unrestrained laughter. That is the significance of the hilarity and social cheer of Monday morning preachers' meetings. It affords opportunity by the free play of the feelings in the midst of a congenial social environment, that thereby the happy balance between the extreme seriousness of the meditations and labors of the Sabbath and normal condition of the mind may be restored. The "blue" Monday follows later. With some nervous organizations the "blue" tinge encroaches upon Tuesday.

There is a reciprocity of influence between the main organs of the body and the feelings; it is not merely that the sluggish liver creates melancholy, but it is melancholy that retards the liver's activity. Laughter multiplies the red corpuscles of the blood, and as the "blood is the life," invigoration follows. Herein is suggested the physical "cures," whose unwarranted claims are so often presented for our consideration. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," so Solomon said, but he never made the claim that it was a cure for all human ills. This same proverb-maker said, "There is a time to laugh,"' and he who laughs without cause comes pretty near to folly. One can more easily become a fool through inappropriateness and overabundance of mirth than by an untimely excess of tears. Yet does this folly conduce to increased length of days and diffuses a contagion that adds to, rather than detracts from the value of life.

In Oliver Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village," the schoolmaster is described as a unique combination of learning and fun. After a recital of his marvelous intellectual achievements the poet says:

> And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

A patron of learning indeed was he, a measure of which he no doubt by methods both persuasive and corporeal imparted to his rustic disciples. But be it known that, severe and learned as he was, his impartations of wisdom were betimes adroitly interjected with his fine reserve of fun and humor, and the dreariness of recitation was brightened and lightened by his occasional gleeful moments:

> Full well they laughed with counterfeit glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

And he was not the first to mix learning and laughter. The learned and eloquent Depew has been one of the wits of his generation, and Joseph Choate, the master oi the modern bar, uttered profound legal generalities with a smile in his eye and a delightful touch of humor in his vibrant voice that won while it charmed. Mark Twain's rare gifts in descriptive writing were only excelled by the more popular estimates as the past-master of jollity, and as for the ancient times, Democritos, who was the originator of the atomic theory, and who in those early days taught the theory of gravitation, was known as the "laughing philosopher." As for theologians and priests—well, they are not always as serious and sedate as their profession would seem to warrant. Ever ready to associate with and ameliorate human sorrow, they have quick minds to recognize the inconsistencies, incongruities, "the novelties of comparison"—which is the chief ingredient in wit—and most of them are human enough to respond to this play—these lighter touches of life—by hearty laughter that may be as innocent as the smile upon the face of a baby. The greatest humorist that ever made the world ring with laughter were priests—Rabelais, Scarron, Sterne, and Sydney Smith. The scarlet vestments of Cardinal Logue, of Ireland, who recently visited America, were no surer evidence of his distinguished position as a prince of the Church of Rome than his irresistible humor, bubbling wit, and mirth-provoking speech that aroused his priestly hearers to round upon round of vociferous laughter, which indicates that after all, he was a genuine member of the human family. He was simply natural, and gave unrestrained vent to the delightful Celtic sparkle that was in him.

Laughter is always accompanied by an increased brightness of the eyes. Has mirth its perceptions? We hear really good, perhaps wise, people talk about "seeing through the lenses of their tears," the wisdom of grief, the disciples wrought by sorrow; but I wonder if sorrow is the only school where we can learn what we ought to know. May there not be other departments in the school of human development besides the tearful and the severe? Are the hammer and the chisel the only tools in the hands of the divine sculptor?

Laughter and folly are not always synonymous terms:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Mirth and cheer may be the beginnings of the tides of hope that shall bear one on to the ports of happier experiences and the land of surprising delights:

> I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me.
> If my bark sinks 'tis to another sea.

To quote Goldsmith again, that I may gently criticise him:

> 'Tis the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.

Is it to laugh wisely to laugh gently? Is the heartiness,

the unrestrained spontaneity that responds to a proper cause, and results in explosive mirth, a sign of mental vacancy, a proof of the boor? Shall we say that culture and ideals of conduct demand a studied quietness of mirth? In these days of emotional suppression may not the only "risible animal" do what he alone can do, and do it heartily?

Sift your laughter if you will, but he who mirthfully responds to his own temperament gives no evidence of a lack of all that constitutes culture and the finer phases of Christian conduct.

The Bible is a witness to the therapeutic value of laughter, for it says that "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." It is a testimony that praise and mirth may walk together: "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." And even dear old Job, who is nothing if not profound, has given it as an indication of the prospective perfect condition of man: "Till he fill thy mouth with laughter and thy lips with rejoicing." Wise is he and happy as well, who gives to all the phases of his being their appropriate expression.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The opening exercises for the year 1910-11 were held in the seminary chapel Tuesday forenoon, Dr. McLean presiding. Scripture reading was by Professor Castor, prayer by the Rev. A. W. Hare of Eagle Rock, Los Angeles county.

Superintendent Rathbone of the Northern California Conference then brought "greetings from the churches," and impressed on the minds of the students the truth that the cultivation of the intellect was not the only thing, nor the greatest, which was expected of them. It was rather the spirit of service and self sacrifice—only thus could they walk in the way of Him from whom came the great commission.

The principal address was by Professor Bade, whom President McLean gracefully said it was not necessary for him to introduce, but whom he wished to welcome back from his trip abroad and from converse with the great masters of education.

Professor Bade, recently returned from a year in Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland and England, gave in a delightful way some of the impressions received while abroad. In Italy it was the great social movement which most impressed him and which is full of suggestiveness. A marked defection of the masses from Roman Catholicism was observed. It is socialistic in part and fiery speeches and editorials are to be heard and read widely. The underlying thought is that the clerics are hostile to the interests of labor, and for this and other reasons the Church is fast losing the respect of a large part of the people, and that which has occurred in France is likely to occur ere long in Italy.

In England Professor Bade found a feeling toward the Established Church akin to that toward Roman Catholicism in Italy. And everywhere that the Church is being measured now by its standard of social service.

In England there is manifest a wide interest in the betterment of religious education, but on account of the greater flexibility in the United States both for initiative and movement they in England are looking for us to lead in definite steps.

Speaking concerning the need for getting religious instruction on modern Biblical foundations, Professor Bade made reference to an editorial on "Educational Obscurantism," written by him while acting as editor of the New York Independent during recent weeks in the absence of Dr. William Hayes Ward. Many letters of inquiry had come to the Independent, drawn out by the editorial, asking for material with which to furnish the needed instruction. But there is nothing to be had said the Professor, and yet there is for it urgent need—for if the Church is to keep its hold of the people it must teach right reasons for right beliefs.

Professor Bade said toward the conclusion of his highly interesting address that he had come back from his trip with the determination to make his work count more in the line of social service.

While abroad he came in contact with many of the master minds of Europe, and brings back to his work in the Seminary much for the enrichment of his instruction. In connection with his Seminary work he will write for the New York Independent as one of its contributing editors.

The Seminary exercises closed with the benediction by the venerable Dr. S. H. Willey, the Nestor of Protestantism in California.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Black Diamond.—The pulpit has been occupied for several Sundays by the Rev. W. R. Bair. The congregations have had considerable increase

Alameda First.—The church auditorium is open daily from two to five o'clock to persons desiring to enter for quiet devotion. A Bible class conducted by the pastor meets in the study after the Sunday morning service.

Oakland First.—The pastor spoke last Sunday on Christian Work in Japan," giving his personal observations of missionary work during his recent trip to the Orient. The congregation made its annual contribution to the American Board and the response was generous. The total offering for foreign missions from this church for this year, including the money given by the ladies to the Woman's Board, will amonut to a little over six thousand dollars.

San Francisco.—Green Street has been holding her own nicely during the summer. The Sunday school and prayer-meeting have kept up especially well. At the prayer services the life of Jesus, as contained in the four Gospels, has been systematically studied and has become increasingly interesting and the attendance proportionately larger. The Sunday services have been delighted to hear Dr. Madison C. Peters of New York, Dr. Fletcher Cook of the Church of the Incarnation, San Francisco, Mr. F. R. Wedge, an ex-prize-fighter and present slum worker on the Barbary Coast, and

the Rev. Mr. Griffith of Oakland. The first Sunday evening in August the choir gave song service and last Sunday evening a children's chorus brought forth a good attendance. Next Sunday morning, A. K. Farnworth, Esq., of Oakland, will speak. In the evening Mr. Ratzell will close his supply work. Rev. Mr. Walz is expected back for the first Sunday in September.

Niles.—The parlors of the Congregational church at Niles were the scene of a very pleasant gathering on the evening of Friday, August 19th. The occasion was a reception given to the pastor, Rev. F. Vernon Jones and Mrs. Jones upon their return from their annual vacation. The reception was given by the Ladies' Guild and the Men's League, both of which are organizations of the church. Nearly a hundred, members of the church and congregation,, were in attendance and at the close of the reception all gathered around the festive board. At the conclusion of the repast, H. Lovell Scott, president of the Men's League, acted as toastmaster and called upon various ones who responded with words of welcome to the pastor and of appreciation of his services to the church and the community. In the course of remarks an appeal was made to the members of the congregation to begin, as soon as possible, the erection of a new church building to more adequately accommodate the needs of a growing congregation.

Oakland Plymouth.—The remodeled pipe organ was dedicated last Sunday evening with appropriate and impressive services. Inasmuch as the organ is the one brought around The Horn in 1853 for the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, Mr. E. P. Flint, a pioneer, on request, spoke on "Early days in California." The address was replete with interest. Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, who played the organ for eighteen years in the old First Church in San Francisco, played on the rebuilt instrument last Sunday evening in Plymouth. Mrs. Annie J. Ward, a daughter of Mr. John H. Titcomb, who selected the organ in early years and was the first to play on it, was in attendance at the services. Plymouth Avenue Church secured the organ many years ago when the Crocker Memorial organ was given to the First Congregational of San Francisco. The rebuilding of the instrument the last year was by Mr. T. W. Whalley, the organ being equipped with electric motor, pneumatic action and other modern improvements at a cost of $1,300.

WOMAN'S BOARD ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held on Wednesday, September 7, 1910, at the First Congregational church, San Francisco.

Please, everyone, arrange to attend this important meeting. Rev. C. R. Brown will tell us of his visits to the Missions in Japan, especially to the Doshisha.

The morning session will begin at 10:30 and the reports for the year will be interesting. The election of officers for the ensuing year will be held. Every auxiliary to the Northern Branch must send a delegate.

President Henry Churchill, King of Oberlin, will also address the meeting.

EARL LECTURES.

President King of Oberlin College will give the Earl Lectures, Pacific Theological Seminary, beginning Monday evening, August 29, in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Other dates will be August 30, September 2, 5, 6, 8. Subject "The Moral and Spiritual Challenge of Our Times." Lectures are free to the public.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday an address was given by the Rev. Huber Burr on "The Problem of the Unemployed." The thought was that there must, as a last resort, be some organized form of employment and that it should be state or national. It is only in a limited way that the problem is met by the Associated Charities.

Next Monday the Congregationalists and Presbyterians are to hold a union meeting in the First Congregational church of San Francisco.

The Rev. John M. Schaefle of Pico Heights church, Los Angeles, who is spending his vacation in this part of California, was in attendance at the Monday meeting.

The Home.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO GIVE.

By Rev. Cornelius H. Patton.

I recognize the danger of quoting approvingly anything that is done by a certain gentleman of means (to put it lightly) who has gained the reputation of being the most liberal man of his time by pouring his oil upon the troubled waters of needy churches and schools of the Baptist persuasion. However, we ought to be able to learn a thing or two from one who gives his millions as easily as most rich men give their hundreds, and who always gives wisely. The thing that pleases me most about him is that he intends that his children after him shall be not only givers but also intelligent givers. I learn from a good source that when an application for help comes to this man from an individual or an institution, he first lays it before his family, reciting the facts in the case and calling for an opinion from each child in turn. After they all have passed upon the case he states his own conclusion and the reasons for it, often with shrewd observations upon human nature and the manner in which the Lord's money should be dispensed.

This example of child training in benevolence ought to commend itself to all parents, and especially to all who are concerned with the money side of religious work. The distress of our churches and benevolent societies during the past three years has taught us many things, and among them the need of laying deeper foundations of benevolence in the character and habits of the little folks. Mr. Rockefeller is likely to accomplish even more through teaching his children to give than by his own princely munificence. Even an impecunious pastor or Sunday school teacher may give his thousands through a boy who, being taught to be liberal in the days of small things, continues in the same virtue in the days of wealth.

The time to begin is at the beginning, and the first

thing to do is to secure right impressions of money. A child has to be taught the use of money, even though it is to be expended for selfish enjoyment. Why not teach it the higher use from the first? A little girl this side of three, who is fond of banging on my study door when I am writing, thinks that silver dollars are meant solely for her amusement when her papa spins them on the window-sill. She is more fond of five silver dollars than of one simply because they make a finer show when all are going at the same time. In another year she is likely to think that a dollar is meant solely to provide her with dolls, toys and perhaps dresses. It will be her parents' fault if she does not come to realize that the best thing that can happen to a dollar is to fall into the contribution box. Started in time and managed in a proper way, the higher lesson can be learned, if not as readily, certainly as surely, as the lower. When the age of discrimination sets in then that dollar will have to be split up, as it ought to be, and the child taught to appropriate it in right proportions for various uses.

I was greatly interested to find the other day that the first money received into the treasury of Carleton College was given by a little boy who earned it by selling popcorn, and that the first money that came as a result of a general canvass of the State was from a little girl, who sent in two silver half dollars, which she had received in her infancy and held as her most precious keepsakes. Is it any wonder that one of those coins is kept now in the college archives as a memento of what the children of twenty-five years ago were willing to do for Christian education? It is as easy to interest children in a college or a mission kindergarten as in anything else, unless it be a menagerie, and even the menagerie may be annexed to the belongings of some of our mission stations.

I am sometimes asked what methods to use for "extracting money" from children. Well, if money is to be "extracted," I can only refer the inquirer to the dentist, who has various tools adapted for that kind of work. When I heard such a request not long ago I was reminded of the story of a man who swallowed a half dollar which stuck in his throat. His wife tried to draw it out, but without success, and as he was in great agony she called in a surgeon. He worked over the man for half an hour, suggested tracheotomy, then decided against it, and finally gave the case up, remarking that she would better send immediately for the Methodist minister. Whereupon she was greatly alarmed and said, "O, doctor, you don't think he is going to die, do you?" O, no, madam," he replied, "but if anybody can get fifty cents out of that man a Methodist minister can." I fear many of our schemes for raising money from adults, as well as from children, are too much on the—I will not say Methodist order—but on the extracting order.

It is well to appeal to their child-fancies in the means used for gathering their little gifts. There is a gospel of the mite-box, and I often think some people who furnish supplies have never heard it, when I look at the ugly things they send us for storing the pennies. A mite-box or bank should appeal to the giver's fancy. They are not intended for the superior beings who sign checks for a million. The ladies of the Woman's Home Missionary Association hit it about right when they sent out those "children's wigwam banks," with their realistic pictures of Indian life, in order to store the pennies of the little friends of the A. M. A. The General Howard tent, which the C. H. M. S. issued, is the same idea applied for a different work. I have known eveen aged saints among the women to yield to the seducements of a wigwam bank after they had scorned to look at a maroon-colored box covered with Scriptural exhortations.

Most mite-boxes are too large. They discourage even the officers of the "branch," to say nothing of the prospective workers, whose earnings run from five to ten cents per month. The other day in a toy store I found the ideal thing in the shape of a little log-cabin bank, made of wood, with a chimney outside, and a gorgeous red roof and other adornments, and all for one cent. They hold just twenty-five pennies and I immediately bought up the whole stock. A cent invested in such a benevolent storehouse will prove the best kind of real estate.

To teach discrimination in giving have the children keep a benevolent account. Twenty children in a class were given each a little iron safe with key and a bank-book. The account was supposed to be with "O. P. J.," the ancient worthy who instituted proportional benevolence. The children placed a definite proportion of their money in the bank for religious work. This they credited themselves in the books, and the expenditures for Sunday school, mission band, church collections, etc., were also noted on the opposite page. Once a month the account was inspected by the pastor, who commented on the way the charity funds had been disbursed very much as Mr. Rockefeller does with his children. Accounts which balanced and had been properly administered were "O. K.'ed," with plentiful use of red ink and ruling, and the children began to know how to give with discrimination, as well as to think giving was more fun than buying. In children's societies they should have their own treasurer, as well as other officers. I saw a constitution of a boy's club in a colored school down South which had this original provision, "There shall be two treasury men, one to hold the box and the other to hold the key." A multiplication of officers is both safe and expedient.

Finally, teach the children to believe in the "almighty dollar." Why should we scorn that designation? The trouble with the American people is not that they seek the almighty dollar, but that they seek a dollar which is not almighty, a dollar which serves only to procure inferior or questionable objects. The "almighty dollar" is the Almighty's dollar, and no other has any right to the name. It is a dollar which is able to transform character, to give it an eternal quality—a dollar, in short, which becomes treasure in heaven. It is when people see the power of money for eternal soul worth that they will seek it and spend it in the right way. Encourage the children to do that. Tell them how powerful a dollar is when expended for the Lord, and how transitory and disappointing it is when expended in any other way. The transformation of matter into money and of money into character should be set before every boy as the end of business. That is what the Minnesota boy discovered when he sold pop-corn to make money and gave money to build Carleton College.—

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

Jim Jones is an optimist, and Bill Brown of the same town is a pessimist. When it rains Bill Brown complains that it is going to get muddy; but Jim Jones, wreathed in smiles, says that rain is a mighty good thing to lay the dust. When the sun shines again Bill kicks about the heat; but Jim, still smiling, says that sunshine is a mighty good thing to dry up the mud.

Bill complains that business is not half as good as it was when it was twice as good as it is. Jim congratulates himself that business is twice as good as it was when it was only half as good as it is.

These two men living in the same town and under the same natural conditions see things differently, and the one is always happy and the other always miserable. The difference lies back of their eyes, not in front of them.

They are not any peculiar types of men. They are not confined to any particular town. They are everywhere throughout the world.

The pessimist goes about with a lantern, peering into the dark places, looking for meanness and things to find fault about. The optimist goes about in the bright sunlight, looking for the beautiful things, and finding lots of them.

The optimist rises in the morning with gladness in his heart, sunshine in his face and smiles upon his lips. The mere privilege of living and enjoying nature is priceless satisfaction to him. He gets good out of life every moment of his existence. He is a man to be envied, if envy is ever allowable.

The pessimist not only warps his mind, but his physique as well, and his influence on others is decidedly bad.

Neither, in extreme, sees things as they actually are to others; but as each sees them they actually are to him, and his life is lighted or darkened according as he lets sunshine into it or shadows.

Happiness, it has been said, is a mosaic composed of very small stones. Each, taken singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, combined and set, they form a pleasing whole.

One who must try to get away from himself and out of his usual environment to find happiness will never find it. If one is miserable and gloomy by nature, let him go where he will, his jaundice and spleen will get there with him. We carry with us the beauty we visit and the song which enchants us, or else they don't exist for us anywhere.—Ex.

Our Young People

ONE SCHOOL DAY.

The girls of District Number Seven were gathered under the big maple on the school-house lawn, discussing with much animation their plans for the "first day" of school.

"Maud, have you bought the flags?"

"Who's going to fix the platform?"

"We mustn't forget the extra chairs and the little table."

"Oh, yes, and the jar of ferns."'

"How about the flowers? I'm going to bring lilacs and pansies."

"So will I; and I guess some of our apple blossoms will keep till then; they're only just budding."

"What are you going to wear, Grace? I've got a new pink lawn on purpose."

"I'm going to wear white."'

"So am I. I've got a new dress, too, with elbow sleeves, all trimmed with lace."

The matter of dress presently became the all-absorbing topic, until each girl had described at length the gown she intended to wear on the important occasion.

"Do you know, girls," Lida Weston said suddenly, "Sadie Morris hasn't' anything fit to wear. The other day, when some of us were talking about our new dresses, she ran off all at once and pretended to be looking for four-leaf clovers. I followed her, and found her sitting in a corner of the fence, crying like everything. And it was just because we're all going to have pretty new dresses and she can't. All she's got to wear is a brown serge that she wore all winter for best, or else a gingham dress that she had last summer, that's too short for her. I think it's a shame."

"Why can't she have something new?" asked Lizzie.

"She says her Aunt Ann can't afford to get her anything."

"Dear me! I'm sure she has come to work hard enough, waiting on that little lame chap and looking after the other two. I suppose that's why she isn"t here today; she ought to have something once in a while. Seems to me the aunt must be awfully stingy."

"Oh, I guess not. She works hard enough herself. Ever since Captain Fanning's been away, you know, she's' had to support the family. Mart isn't old enough to help much, and they've spent so much money on little Tad. I've heard her tell mamma all about it. Sadie knows it isn't her Aunt Ann's fault that she can't have nice things, but, of course, it makes her feel bad when the rest of us have them and she can't."

"Poor thing! I don't wonder. I wish we could help her out. She might have my last summer's white dress," said Grace, "if mamma's willing, but I"m afraid she's too proud to take it; besides, it's probably a mile too big for her."

"Pshaw! there's the old bell,"' cried Esther. "It always rings just when we're in the midst of something."

"Let's all be thinking it over, girls," suggested Lida, "and see if we can't plan a way."

"All right," chorused the girls, and with one accord they made a grand rush for the door.

Sadie entered the school room next morning with a beaming face. She held a whispered consultation with Lida in the entry, after which there were two sunshiny faces instead of one. Before noon all the girls had learned the happy secret, and there was general rejoicing.

Sadie had among her few treasures a five-dollar gold piece, a birthday gift from her mother the year before she died. It was to be saved, so her mother had said, until some time that she needed it very much for something it seemed right for her to have, but which she could not otherwise get. Why should she not spend the five dollars now for a white dress? Surely she wanted it and needed it, and could get it in no other way.

"Oh, Sadie, that would be lovely!" cried Lida; "and I am quite sure mamma would cut it for you and help your aunt make it, for she has so little time, and there's only a week now, you know, before the last day."

After school Sadie hastened home to confide her project to Aunt Ann and ask her consent. Little Annie came running down the path to meet her, full of important news. She climbed on the rickety fence and called out, with her mouth full of crackers, "Tad's bwoke his bwace."

Sadie's face sobered instantly. No one knew better than she what it meant when Tad broke his brace. The last time it happened there had been pinching and self-denial in the little home for a whole month. There was no coffee for breakfast, no milk for supper, no butter at all, because the money must be saved to send the brace to the city and have it repaired. And, worse than any or all these things, during those four long weeks poor little Tad was a prisoner, hobbling about the room on his crutches, not able to go out of doors. What long, long days those were! Sadie could see, even now, the pale, patient little face with the big blue eyes gazing out at the snow drifts, counting the busy snow birds and watching the icicles melt in the sunshine.

Now, perhaps, it would not be quite so hard, because it was summer time, and he could sit on the porch or under the trees; but that was all, for one little foot was utterly useless, and he could not use the other on the rough ground without his brace. And to think of being without it for a whole month!

"Tum on, Tadie," commanded Annie, tugging at her cousin's dress, for Sadie stood leaning on the gate and staring, apparently, at nothing. Suddenly she whirled about, ran up the steps and dashed into the little sitting room. She went straight to the forlorn little figure on the end of the lounge and took it into her arms, bread and molasses, woolly dog and all.

"Poor little man," she said, gently; "has the old brace gone and broke again? Never mind, Taddy boy, we'll have it fixed very soon. I've got the money, right now, do you hear? and we'll send it off this very night, and you'll have it again in about four days—only four little short days! What do you think of that?"

She left the boy with a happy smile on his face and hurried to the kitchen.

"Aunt Ann, listen, please, and don't say 'no.' I wnat you to take the five dollars that mamma gave me and send Tad's' brace to be fixed right away. I've just promised him it should go tonight, so you won't let him be disappointed, will you, Aunt Ann?"

It was some little time before the pleader won from Aunt Ann a reluctant consent, and then it was given with the inward resolve that the money should be accepted only as a loan, to be replaced as soon as possible.

It was necessary to explain to Lida and her mother the sudden change of plans, and, as Sadie was not at school on Monday, Lida told the whole story to the girls. Then followed a long, secret conference, the result of which was casually announced to Sadie on Tuesday at the morning recess.

"Oh, I must tell you, Sadie," Lida began, "we've made up our minds we won't dress up for the first day. We're just going to wear our every-day school dresses, then we can have a good time and not be afraid of soiling them."

"And we have to change, too, in the play," said Esther, "and we'd get all mussed up."

"And I don't believe my new dress will be done, anyway,"way," added Grace.

"And it might rain, you know," remarked Ella.

Sadie looked from one bright face to another, with flushed cheeks and misty eyes.

"Girls," she cried. "I believe you're doing it just foi me, and it isn't fair. I won't let you do that."

"For you! The idea! Why, we're doing it for ourselves. It's settled for good, isn't it, girls? And you're not to say a word against it, Sadie, for we're all perfectly delighted."

So it came about that, on the first day, every girl appeared in a fresh gingham dress, Sadie's' having been lengthened and laundered by Aunt Ann the very day before. Every person among the audience gathered to witness the pleasing exercises knew the reason, and to them the faces, beaming with health and happiness, looked fairer than they could possibly have done above the daintiest of muslin and lace.

Sadie's cup of joy was full, for in that audience sat Uncle Thaddeus, who had returned from a long voyage the night before.

"If I only had known in time," he said to the girls afterward, "Sadie would have had her white dress."

"But we're glad she didn't," declared Lida; "we've had a much better time."

"Yes; oh, yes," cried all the girls, and no one, looking into their happy faces, could for a moment doubt their words.—Hattie Hunting Pierson, in Youth.

A PARENT'S PLEA.

My little boy is eight years old,
  He goes to school each day;
He doesn't mind the tasks they set—
  They seem to him but play.
He heads his class at raffia work,
  And also takes the lead
At making dinky paper boats—
  But I wish that he could read.
They teach him physiology
  And, oh, it chills our hearts
To hear our prattling innocent
  Mix up his inward parts!
He also learns astronomy
  And names the stars by night.
Of course, he's very up-to--date—
  But I wish that he could write.

They teach him things botanical,
  They teach him how to draw,
He babbles of mythology
And gravitation's law;
And the discoveries of science
  With him are quite a fad.
They tell me he's a clever boy—
  But I wish that he could add.

—Exchange.

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